

News from Rome; or a True Relation of the Conference

which the Pope had with Two of his chief Cardinals, and a Dominican Fryar, in his Palace at Rome, against those Parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. With a Letter from the Emperor to the French King, all their proceedings in their Discourse; and the sharp Tants that the Pope received from his Jester at the same time, and the Issue thereof.

Pope. I Know you all understand, as well as I, how all our Projects are disallowed, our Courses derided, and our Power slighted. What shall we do? People do now begin to laugh at our Pardons, Masses, Purgatories; only now desiring Salvation through Christ.

1. *Card.* Your Holiness, dear Father, hath related a sad story: Yet what shall we fear?

Pope. Why, Princes begin to cast us off, let us look to that: Let Men live well or ill, let Nations swell in Wars, let them go to Heaven or Hell, it matters not; only let our Supremacy be held up, and our Riches, Glory, and Delight maintained.

2. *Card.* Do you consider, Holy Father, who Revolt from you, who seek not to you, except some scattered Lutherans, or Male-contents, or some Fools stirr'd up by Satan.

Pope. Few? Is it a few, when whole Kingdoms are fallen from us, who care not for us, or our Threatning in England, Scotland, or Ireland: Are not our Legates thrust out, and our Priests made a Prey? What can France do against it self, to advance us? The Netherlands Triumph under their new Governors, and have cast us off! Cursed be that unlucky Geneva, that was the Leader of them all: Luther proclaimed all Disgrace against us. Indeed the Grecians complain that they are Poor, and we enjoy their Wealth.

1. *Card.* If it be so, yet remember who you are, even Peter's Successor. Open the Church-Treasure, have not your Bulls, your Curses, with all those Maledicting Relation, (which have in former Ages kept them in awe) as much Force now? Then send them forth.

Fryar. with Reverence to your Holiness, be it spoken. Alas, alas, what will Curses now do, Bulls or Threats, since they do Scoff at all?

2. *Card.* Peter bids us to Kill and Eat; let Slaughter end the Quarrel: Let us entice the Princes to War.

1. *Card.* O, say not so, this makes us Odious!

Fryar. Let us like Macchabeus, rouse up our Courage with Warlike Spirits, both with Treasure and Blessings, to assist this War against the Hereticks.

2. *Card.* This is more probable to do us good; but there are such Divisions in our own Countrey unappeased, that we know not how to Reconcile them.

Pope. What shall we then let all alone, and sit still and sigh? Is not the Palatinate under us, their Countrey is destroyed, for they Revolted. But consider, that Low-brought Family, doth now look for Aid from Britain, both Horse and Foot. The London Hereticks, we hear, are resolved to disburse both freely and large Sums of Money: But in our Overthrow, they rejoyce. And the Heavy-headed Dutch, will now increase in Wealth, as we decay in Friends.

2. *Card.* What the Event may be, our Lady knows. But your Holiness may do well, to let the Princes know you are Displeased, and cause them to break off all Leagues of Peace.

Fryar. You do suerly make Passion the author of Advice, which should not be in so great Designs. A stronger League by Peace, is more Prevalent; then may we Husband our Purpose. Then may our Trained Garrisons better March away, and we fill their places with Supply; but let us do this Work well.

1. *Card.* Holy Sir, it may do well to send your Legate to France; who may with ease, make that our own.

Fryar. Are you a Conclavist, and know no more? How many Thoulds in France, are ready to seal a Reformation with their Blood, and to Revolt quite from us!

A Letter from the Emperor to the French King.

MOST Noble King, may it please to remember, how your Pedecessor, Charles the Great, supported the Imperial Seat from the *Goths* and *Savacens*, then be not unkind to Catholics; but assist us with your Princely Care. Let our Nearness in Blood, encrease our Amity, and it will be your Glory before God, thus to help us against Hereticks and Revolters; consider (worthy Prince) what may be the Issue, in case the Hereticks should understand our Troubles at home, and take Advantage of our Distresses, and so we repent when it is too late.

2. *Cardinal*. This was well urged, and may be a President for all Princes, this will do it. When *Poland* shall hear of this, *Russia*, *Denmark*, if the tripple Crown'd *Britain* know of it! Surely this would work for us amongst them all, if *Venice*, *Seway*, *Florance*, and the rest were raught this Lesson, such a League might be obtained, as would produce our Designs.

Fryar. I do confess, this may seem a prevalent way: But if we take this course, I presume, it will not do us any good. The *French* King hath Wars enough to maintain of his own, and besides there is so great Allegiance in him to the *Papstgrave*, that kindness will not suffer him to rise against him. Great *Britain* by his Daughter, calls him Son; *Denmark* and *Norway* love him. The Prince of *Orange* is near in Blood.

1. *Cardinal*, Rather than abide the Reproach, I will go to *Turk* and *Tartar*. What? shall our Father and the Church submit to traiterous Hereticks? No, no, rather Strangers shall defend our Cause, and understand our Canons; and then will I raise them up, to whip the drunken Schismatics.

Fryar, Come, this is frenzy; this is neither Policy, Zeal, nor Religion: Shall we because the Finger akes, therefore cut the whole Hand off?

Pope. Something must be done, shall we give way to all these Treasons against us, and not add a Cataplasme to our Disease? Then may the whole Church be confounded. No sure, if God help us not, the Devil shall my Art or Skill will reach it.

Fryar. O say not so, your Holiness may take a calmer course, dismiss the cruel Jesuits from thence, with all strange Projects, and abstain from Murthers and Cruelties, and send holy and reverend Priests abroad; that may terrify the Hearts of the Auditors by their preaching, and Zealous profession, and Living. Dear Sir, be rull'd by me, and proceed in Gentleness.

The pope calls his Jester; Come Sirrah, let me talk with thee, for none of these do please me. What Council wilt thou give me? How shall things be settled under us?

Jester, You have stir'd up a Dog from his Sleep, and blame me not, Sir, though I bark harse. The Writing on the Wall made *Belfazzers* Knees to shake, but I will make thy Heart to tremble. *Nencleus* and *Platina* have writ against 22. *Popes*, who sold their Souls to Satan by Magick Spels, to work Wonders in the Land; Murthers, Sodomy, Treason, ask your Cardinals. There is no Sin the Devil ever bred, but hath stood them in some stead. The Sins of *Rome* are worse than *Sodom*, Antichrist must fall; not only the Apostles, but the Sybils have foretold *Rome's* Ruine. In a word, these Storms you have raised, do like a darkning Cloud, threaten fierce Rain.

This moved the *Pope* very much, and being very angry at what he had said; he told the *Jester* as followeth: Out upon thee, thou foul mouth'd Villain, pull out his Tongue, blast up his Body with Powder into the Air, that all his Speeches may perish, and his Words never be remembered.

But the *Jester* answered with Boldness, saying, Yea, marry, that were a good trick indeed; but take heed; for when *Hidra's* Head was cut off, seven others were immediatly bred.

Then the *Pope* rose up out of his Chair, as being much displeased to see the *Jester* to deride him, What! Darest thou speak again? Come let's away, shall we become a Reproach to all? Sirrah, thou shalt smart for this.

This poor fellow was cruelly punished afterwards. But more of this in my next.